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FREDERIC THE GREAT.



FREDERIC THE GREAT PICKING THE POCKET OF A SLEEPING PAGE.

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FREDERIC THE GREAT.

THE military monarch, who appears, in our engraving, "in his habit as he lived," was once a prodigious favourite in this country. "The victories of the Prussian monarch," says the late Lord Dover, "rendered him so popular in England, that his birthday was kept with honours similar to those in use for the sovereign of the country. The streets were illuminated for his victories, and his praises were sounded in both houses of Parliament. So great, indeed, was the enthusiasm in his favour, that it was proposed to raise subscriptions for him, to assist him in carrying on the war; and a maiden lady of Salisbury actually remitted to him, by her banker, a *thousand pounds as a present*. The result of these feelings and opinions on the part of the people of England was a fresh subsidiary treaty entered into with him, and approved by Parliament; by which Great Britain was bound to furnish him, yearly, with a subsidy amounting to 670,000*l.*, and to send an army into Germany."

That Frederic was "Great," in the usual sense in which that word is applied, cannot for a moment be doubted. He was one of the "great" amongst the "great." As a soldier, he was brave, and readily submitted to all the hardships of soldiers; as a general, he was quick, prompt, sagacious, and cool; while his genius both for war and finance rank him high amongst military commanders. The particular war which rendered him such a favourite in Great Britain was called the "Seven Years' War," which has been very much celebrated, says Professor Smyth, "from the variety of its events, the military science displayed, and, above all, the extraordinary efforts of military genius exhibited by the King of Prussia." This war lasted from 1756 to 1763, and when it commenced, it was, to all appearance, the most unequal that ever was waged. Voltaire observes, in speaking of it, "Louis the Fourteenth has been admired for having resisted the united forces of Germany, England, Italy, and Holland. But we have seen in our day an event incomparably more extraordinary than that. A Margrave of Brandenburg, alone and single-handed, made successful resistance to the hosts of Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and the greater part of Germany. This is a prodigy which can only be attributed to the discipline of the troops and the superiority of the general who conducts them. Chance may gain a single battle; but when a weak power resists so many strong ones, for the space of seven years, and in an open country, and is able to repair the greatest reverses, this cannot be the work of good fortune."

If this celebrated seven years' war, which developed so wonderfully the character of Frederic the Great, had been commenced from some honourable pretext, or had resulted from some overpowering necessity, we might, with little abatement, have admired the man who showed himself as great under defeat as in obtaining victory. But it was a war which sprang from feelings of personal vengeance and ambition; and it was carried on by the sovereigns who waged it "with a recklessness of consequences, and an indifference respecting the lives and property of their subjects, worthy of the most cruel ages of barbarism." The struggle was pro-

tracted as long as the means of warfare remained to the belligerents; and when total exhaustion obliged them to conclude it, it was found that no sovereign had gained or lost by it, save the enormous loss in blood and treasure, which had equally fallen on all." When it was concluded, there were provinces where hardly any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others women were as much wanting as men. At every step appeared large tracts of uncultivated country; and the most fertile plains of Germany presented only the arid and sterile appearance of deserts. Speaking of one of the battles of the seven years' war, Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, says, "The late action between the Prussians and Russians has only thinned the human species, without giving either party a victory, which is plain, by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our species will pay very dearly for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and those by no means the most valuable part of it. If the many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would, perhaps, be juster and better than they are."

The kingdom of Prussia has grown out of the electorate of Brandenburg. It was in 1701, that the then Elector, who is described as "feeble alike in body and mind," assumed the regal style and title. "In 1701, he brought upon himself the ridicule of Europe by the assumption of the royal dignity, then considered as belonging only to much more considerable sovereigns. But while he thus gratified his personal vanity, he was conferring on his family, without suspecting it, an essential benefit. His descendants were engaged by this step to use every endeavour for the aggrandisement of their territories, in order to render their house more worthy of the title which had been conferred upon it."

This first *King* of Prussia was succeeded, in 1713, by Frederic William, the father of Frederic the Great. He was "one of the strangest beings of whom history gives us any intelligence. Of a temper so violent and ungovernable, that his passions almost amounted to madness; of an avarice so excessive, even in his youth, that he hardly allowed his family the means of subsistence; of a nature so insensible to the feelings of humanity as to have twice attempted the life of his eldest son—first by his own hand, and afterwards by means of a mock trial; he yet possessed some of the qualities of a great sovereign. . . . His fondness for his tall regiment of guards is well known; every country bordering upon his own territories was ransacked in search of giants; and upon more than one occasion he was near going to war, rather than be compelled to give up his acquisitions of this kind." The most expensive of all his gigantic recruits was an Irishman, named James Kirkland, for the procuring of whom a bill was brought in to the king, amounting in all to 1200*l.* 10*s.* Of this enormous sum for a single recruit there is set down, "To the man himself, on condition of his giving up his person, 1000*l.*;" the rest is made up in charges for the expenses of "spies," payments to some of the Irishman's acquaintance who coaxed him, three years' wages advanced to the recruit, payments to persons for helping, or for keeping the matter secret, &c. &c.

That Frederic William was insane can hardly be doubted:

his occasional outbursts of personal violence to his wife and family prove it, apart from his other conduct. Frederic the Great, in his youth, suffered so much from his father's conduct, that he formed the design of flying from Prussia. His scheme, however, was discovered. Two young men about the court had been connected with his design; one of them escaped; the other, son of General Katt, was seized, imprisoned, and beheaded. Young Frederic was himself sent as a state-prisoner to the fortress of Custrin; and it is commonly recorded in the biographies of Frederic the Great, that Katt was beheaded in his presence, by the express orders of the king. But though this latter part of the story is usually circumstantially told, on the authority of Voltaire, with minute particulars—such as that Frederic, in a coarse prison-dress, was held at a window by four grenadiers, and compelled to witness the judicial murder of his young friend, it has been proved that the execution did not take place in his presence.

Frederic escaped the serious danger which his own imprudence and his father's passion had involved him in; and afterwards became even a favourite. He succeeded to the throne of Prussia in 1740. He died in 1786, at his favourite palace of Sans Souci, after a long reign, during which Prussia was all but ruined by his unprincipled wars, but from which he raised her to a degree of prosperity which has enabled her ever since to rank as a principal power in Europe. Frederic the Great left to his nephew a kingdom enlarged from 2190 to 3515 German square miles; above seventy millions of dollars (ten millions sterling) in the treasury; and an army of 200,000 men.

"Frederic, at the commencement of his reign, made a regular distribution of his time, to which he adhered with the most rigid exactness; and in which he made very few alterations during the forty-six years that he swayed the Prussian sceptre. His first care was to ensure his early rising; for he knew full well that, without that habit, much business could not be got through in the course of the day. He therefore ordered his servants to wake him at four o'clock, at which hour he intended to leave his bed. They did so; but Frederic was naturally inclined to sleep, and therefore he always begged for a little more time, which it may be easily supposed he obtained without difficulty; and thus, instead of four, he usually rose at six. In vain he scolded and commanded, for the next morning always found him entreating for more sleep—and where were the attendants that could resist the requests of a despotic monarch? Finally, determining to vanquish himself and his nature, he commanded the person who called him, under pain of being made a common soldier for life, every morning to put upon his face a towel dipped in cold water. By this violent measure he conquered his natural somnolency, and continued to rise at four o'clock till an advanced period of his life. His dress, which was always the same—the uniform of his guards, with military boots, was put on in a very few minutes; indeed, the whole business of his toilette was completed in less than a quarter of an hour. A single valet-de-chambre lit his fire, shaved him, and curled his hair. He was not possessed of either slippers or bedgown; only, Thiebault says, when he was very ill, he occasionally, but very rarely, put on a sort of linen wrapper; but even then

he wore his boots. He hardly ever wore coats of other colours; and he appeared in silk stockings only on one day in the year—namely, when he went to the court of his wife upon her birth-day.

"As soon as he was dressed, one of his pages brought him the packet of letters, which had arrived for him by the post, or in any other way, and which had been delivered to the page by the secretaries of the cabinet. The king occupied himself in reading these letters, which were often very numerous, till eight o'clock. He was, above all, peculiarly exact in observing whether the seals appeared to be broken or not; fearing, and with reason, that sometimes the secretaries might be tempted to read and suppress letters, of which the contents were displeasing to them."

"His conduct towards his immediate dependants was, indeed, until late in life, when his manner and disposition softened, little worthy of a mind in many respects so great. 'He punished his domestics with hard words, with blows of the fist and cane, with imprisonment and dismissal, or enrolment as common soldiers.' A curious illustration of the jealousy and suspicion with which his ever-watchful eye observed the conduct of those about him, is to be found in the situation of his four cabinet councillors, or secretaries. These men were the depositaries of the secrets of his reign; they were in constant confidential communication with him; their salary amounted to forty thousand francs a-year, a very large sum under such a government as his. Yet nothing was more dreaded than an appointment to one of these places. Whoever accepted it—and no one dared refuse it—was thenceforward a slave for life. Power he had none; for the king was absolute master in his own house. He was doomed to live a hermit in the midst of society, under almost incessant labour, subject not only to the unsleeping eye of the king, but to the most refined system of espionage on the part of his attendants; for Frederic, like many other sovereigns, imagined that his only security lay in making every member of his household a spy upon the rest."

"The principal generals of Frederic's army, and the heroes of his campaigns, seem to have shared little of his personal intimacy, and to have appeared at court rather in the fulfilment of an onerous duty than for their own gratification. Some, indeed, of the best esteemed among them fell early—Keith, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, the greatest favourite of all. But Ziethen, although treated with high respect, was never familiar with his sovereign. Seidlitz, the Bayard of Prussia, who had formed the Prussian cavalry, and won for his master the hardest of all his victories, at Lissa and at Zorndorf, was treated with marked neglect. Many also, after a long and honourable service, fell into disgrace when their presence of mind failed them, or their force was actually inadequate to the service demanded, in defending themselves against enormous odds in the seven years' war."

Frederic the Great not only wrote poetry, but he aspired to the reputation of a Cæsar, by his *Memoirs of his House and Times*, and *Narratives of his Campaigns*. His literary productions would entitle him to distinction, even if he had not been a king. It is well known that he assembled literary men around him, and that he was connected

scene; she bade her children farewell, enjoining her husband to provide for the comfort of her unfortunate boy, and never to let him want for anything. O, could she but see him once, she would die in peace!—her “dear, dear Charles!” The tears filled her dim eyes; her mind again became obscured, and she reproached her sons for their cruel conduct towards their brother; said they kept him back from seeing her; that she would go herself, and bring him home, for they had put her poor Charles in prison, and separated him from his dying mother. At this moment the door of the apartment in which she lay was slowly opened, and Charles O’Brady walked into the midst of the assembled friends and relations. A scream of astonishment from the women roused the dying person from her lethargy; she looked towards them, and instantly beheld her son whom she loved above all her children. With the last energy of expiring nature she sat up in bed, stretched her withered arms towards her son, who, as if perfectly conscious of what was passing, rushed towards his mother, and clasping his arms around her neck, she expired in his embrace!

Charles had escaped from the house of Dr. L—, had travelled on foot for nearly a hundred miles, and had reached home in time to see his mother die. But his reason was completely deranged. At times he was peaceable and well-disposed; at other times he became frantic and furious, and, being a powerful young man, more than a match for the strongest of his own sex. While in these moods, the only individual who could manage him was his father, to whom he would sullenly submit, even in his wilder paroxysms. He had frequently to be confined; but while at liberty, he wandered from house to house for many miles around his father’s residence, visiting the sick, and trying to persuade those who were in health that they were indisposed. The neighbours all knew how dangerous it was to cross him; they flattered and spoke kindly to him, and if he did no good, he rarely, if ever, did any harm. They honoured him with the name of “Doctor,” generally feigned some ailment, and sought his advice, as the safest mode of keeping him quiet. He visited all the churchyards within twenty miles around his home, and picked up all the human bones, teeth, and even skulls, he could find: these he carried home, and deposited in his room, until his collection was so great, that he must have possessed bones from the skeletons of several hundreds of the human species. He seldom talked on any subject except medicine and surgery; and on these his language was as unintelligible to his auditors as would have been that of the most sane of the profession on the same subjects.

“How are all the people in this house?” said he, as he one day went into the house of a neighbour.

“Not very well, indeed, Doctor,” answered the good woman of the house whom he addressed.

“What’s the matter? what’s the matter? Why did you not send for me sooner? Let me feel your pulse. So, I see—so, I see; you are very bad, but I’ll cure you.” He put his hand into his pocket, and producing a number of small human bones, he sought amongst them for a particular one. “Oh, I have it here—I have it here!” said he, giving the woman a large tooth; “place that tooth below your pillow every night, and, by my soul, you’ll never have a headache again.”

His prescriptions were, in general, of as harmless a nature as that just alluded to; but on one occasion he nearly caused the death of a neighbouring farmer, who had been confined to bed for several months, dangerously indisposed. One day, Charles was “visiting his patients,” and he happened to enter the house of this individual. The farmer’s wife had just gone out to direct the operations of her servants, who were busy preparing flax leaving

on the hearth-stone a large pot full of mashed potatoes, ready for dinner.

Charles entered with his usual inquiry, “How are all the people in this house?”

The sick man answered, he was the only person in the house, and that he was very unwell.

“And why did you not send for me sooner?” said Charles.

“Well, Doctor,” replied the farmer, disguising the truth, “I’m not very able to pay a gentleman like you, so I did not like to trouble you; but I’m glad you are come—sit down.”

“Now, Mr. M’Quillan,” said the medical maniac, “don’t deceive me; don’t I know you *can* pay me, and don’t I know you sent to Newton-Stewart for Dr. Collins, who is an ignorant spalpeen, and the next time I find him here I’ll *spake* to him.”

The sick man became seriously alarmed, for he observed Charles was much agitated. He was totally unable to sit up unsupported in bed, much less to make any attempt to escape from the house; and his voice was too feeble to be heard by any of the family, none of whom had observed Charles enter.

“But I’ll see what’s the matter with you,” continued the “Doctor,” approaching the bed, while the cold perspiration broke on the forehead of the farmer. “I’ll see what’s the matter with you; let me feel your pulse.”

Mr. M’Quillan did so.

“Oh, yes, by the powers! I see how it is—I see how it is. Mr. M’Quillan, they are *starving* you to death!”

Mr. M’Quillan assured him he could eat nothing.

“I solemnly declare they are starving you; you are dying for want of meat. Is there nothing at all in the house?” On looking round, his eye caught the potful of potatoes. “So, they have plenty here, and are starving you.”

Here Mr. M’Quillan called aloud for his wife; but his voice was not heard beyond the walls of the house.

“Oh, you need not call—I’ll give you them myself.”

He took a large wooden dish, and having filled it with the mashed potatoes, he raised the sick man in bed, placed a spoon in his hand, and desired him to eat. In vain the distressed farmer assured Charles he was totally unable to eat; in vain he entreated him not to kill him. “For the love of God, dear Dr. O’Brady,” said he, “let me die in peace!” But Charles was inexorable, and becoming impatient, declared that if he did not eat the potatoes, he would dash his brains out,

Poor Mr. M’Quillan was thus compelled to swallow a large quantity of the potatoes, which he did with the greatest difficulty, and becoming perfectly exhausted, he fell back in bed. “That will do till I return,” said Charles; and placing the bedclothes around the patient, he left the house.

On the farmer’s wife returning with her servants to dinner, she found her husband almost speechless. Towards evening, he vomited violently, and, besides the potatoes, a great quantity of blood and purulent matter was discharged from his stomach. Contrary to all expectation, he recovered rapidly every day after the dose of potatoes, and firmly believes till this hour that Charles O’Brady’s prescription saved his life.

A few years ago, poor Charles departed this life, having received a kick from one of his father’s horses, which caused his death. Reason never illumined his mind from the first hour of his bereavement, occasioned by the effects of the excessive dissipation in which he latterly indulged acting on a temperament naturally quick, fiery, and difficult to govern: and now he sleeps by the side of his mother, who loved him, “not wisely but too well.”

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

1. "Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business."—FULLER.
2. "To lessen the number of things lawful in themselves brings the consciences of men into slavery."—WHICHCOTE.
3. "In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal."—CHANNING.

FLETCHER of Saltoun, in his "Conversations on Government," said, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of the nation." There is contained in these few simple words a very profound truth, which, though it may be disputed by superficial observers, will be at once admitted to its fullest extent by those who look with an earnest and inquiring mind on the great social system, and mark the important effects often produced on society from (comparatively speaking) trifling causes. The words of the celebrated Scottish patriot which we have quoted contain the enunciation of a great principle, which is this—that the character, and consequently the conduct, of men is as much influenced by the pastimes in which they engage as by the laws under which they live. This, we have no doubt, will to many appear as a paradox; but a little reflection will show them that it is, though apparently strange, yet substantially true. The laws under which men live cannot—and, though they could, should not—extend to all actions. From the very nature of the thing, they must be general in their application, relating to important acts occurring in the business of life, warning men what they are not to do, rather than telling them what they are to do. As a legal guide, the law follows and regulates the actions of a man as long as he is engaged in active business; but it leaves him whenever he enters the circle of amusement and recreation. It neither tells him what amusements he is to engage in, nor from what amusements he is to abstain. Within this circle, every man must be a law to himself. It is while here, in the hours of recreation, that the philosopher of Saltoun, and those who think with him, would wish to meet with their fellow-men, not to cripple or curtail their amusements, but by exerting over them such a salutary influence as would exclude from them everything calculated to vitiate the morals or brutalise the feelings, and give them a direction favourable to the health, and consequently to the happiness, of the people. Those who could successfully exercise such an influence over the amusements of the people would be to them greater benefactors than mere lawgivers; because by giving a right direction to popular amusements, and the customs and usages observed at them, they would be doing a thing which no law can do, connecting propriety, and good taste, and health, with the recreations of the people; thereby turning into a positive good what, under bad taste and bad management, has been a too generally unmitigated evil.

That the people ought to have amusements will, we believe, be now admitted by almost all men. There are only two classes of individuals who seem to view popular amusements with horror. The first comprise a mixture of petty tyrants, money-lenders, and misanthropists. These men seem to regard the great masses of the people as mere beasts of burden, who should never be weary of working, and who intentionally confound idleness with amusement. The second comprises that class of—no doubt sincere, but we cannot help adding, bigoted—Christians, who seem to regard all amusements, of whatever description, as sinful. Having observed the debasing and brutalising tendency of some amusements, they, in the abundance of their zeal, argue from a part to a whole, and set their faces resolutely against all popular amusements, as

tending to encourage vice and dissipation. We have no intention of entering into any controversy with these individuals respecting the peculiar opinions which they entertain on this subject; but as we conceive a good deal of misapprehension exists in the minds of many worthy persons with regard to popular amusements, we shall endeavour, so far as we are able, to disabuse their minds of the erroneous and mistaken views which we believe they entertain on this subject.

1. The physical constitution of man bears indubitable proof that a considerable degree of exercise is essentially necessary to preserve his bodily frame in a state of health. Owing to the extremely artificial state of society in which we exist, and the struggle for existence consequent on constant competition, there are thousands of our fellow-creatures constrained, from dire necessity, to adopt and pursue sedentary employments, by which their bodily functions are greatly cramped and confined. Under these distressing circumstances (for such they unquestionably are), it is the duty of every lover of his species, and especially of those possessing rank and authority, to facilitate and encourage all species of innocent amusements and recreations, in order as far as possible to neutralise the bad effects resulting from long confinement and sedentary employments.

2. There is an intimate yet mysterious connexion between the body and mind, in consequence of which the mental economy of our nature is to a considerable extent under the influence of the body. Such being the case, it is incumbent on those who are anxious for the mental advancement of the people that they should encourage all proper amusements and pastimes; inasmuch as these, by their effects in bracing and strengthening the body, create a freshness and elasticity of spirit, which greatly facilitates mental improvement.

3. The common popular amusements of the people are not necessarily connected with dissipation. That they frequently terminate in scenes of dissipation is to be deeply regretted; but this dissipation is not produced by anything inherent in the amusements themselves. We must not confound things which are distinct, and endeavour to throw discredit and odium on pursuits in themselves laudable and praiseworthy, because the men who are engaged in them sometimes conclude them by scenes of dissipation.

4. Popular amusements have a strong tendency to create and foster kindly feelings amongst all classes of the community who participate in them. They answer also another, and if possible more important, end; they tend to throw a bridge over that wide aristocratic gulf which in this country separates the higher and under classes of society from each other, and by enabling them to meet and mingle together on common ground, and amidst scenes of hope, and joy, and pleasurable excitement, tends to do away with those prejudices and unkindly feelings which both classes are apt to entertain towards each other.

5. The Christian Scriptures afford no warrant for an indiscriminate denunciation of all amusements. When amusements are cruel, or of an immoral tendency, they are then certainly contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and ought, by all possible means, to be discountenanced and repressed; but where they are innocent and inoffensive, they may be encouraged and participated in, without compromising in the slightest degree the Christian character. They greatly mistake the nature and object of the Christian institute who think that it is intended to throw a dark and dreary shadow over the innocent and health-giving amusements of life. False zeal has never done religion any service. The legislators of the Long Parliament, who voted down the May-poles of England, and laid a fine of 5s. per week on every parish that did not comply, acted, we dare say, from very sincere motives; but

their sincerity did not render the act either less fanatical or less unwise. Like all such extreme measures, it did positive harm; it uprooted an innocent and ancient rural pastime, and, by a necessary consequence, forced the people to seek for recreation in amusements of a coarse and degrading character.

None can regret more than we do the small portion of time which the great body of the people have at their own disposal, for the purpose of mental improvement and healthful recreation. We hope, however, that a better order of things may yet bless our beloved country. In the mean time, it is equally the duty and the interest of our fellow-countrymen to apply to rational and useful purposes the small portion of leisure which falls to their share. By employing it *well*, they will not only benefit themselves, but create a sort of moral claim on their employers, to grant them (when the thing is at all practicable) a temporary diminution of the hours of labour. Moreover, they will also close the mouths of certain gainsayers, who, from the way in which some portions of the people spend their leisure time, draw the inference that, if they cannot spend the little leisure which they have rationally, they are unworthy to have it increased. In all countries, men, after the hours of labour are terminated, have some portion of time which they can call their own. Even in the extremely artificial state of society in this country, and under all the disastrous influences under which the great masses of the physical working classes contrive, by long hours and laborious toil, to obtain an honest livelihood, they still have a certain portion of time—small though it may be—which is peculiarly their own. This portion of time they very frequently devote to amusement and recreation; that they have an undoubted right to devote it to such a use, no one will venture to deny. The workman has as much right to his recreations as he has to his hire; he has earned, and is worthy of both. But while we admit the right, and feel deeply the necessity there exists for seasons of amusement and recreation, in order to recruit and renovate the wasted energies of humanity, we would at the same time earnestly entreat our countrymen to ponder deeply, and reflect on the nature and tendency of the amusements in which they engage. The amusements in which men engage, exercise a more important influence on the formation and final result of character than is generally imagined. It is in hours of relaxation, and while engaged in the excitement of pleasing amusements, and while the sterner and stronger powers of the mind are to a certain extent in abeyance, that men are liable to come under the influence of feelings, and sentiments, and opinions, which take their colourings from the nature of the amusements in which they are engaged; and which, when the nature of them are evil, exert a most dark and deadly influence over the human character. Besides, in order that amusements should be productive of salutary effects, it is not enough that they be in themselves innocent—they must be used in moderation. This is essentially necessary; for whenever it comes to pass that amusements, instead of being occasionally resorted to, as a refreshing cordial to revive and renovate the body and mind, become as it were necessary for a man's daily sustenance, then there is great reason to fear that his character has received an evil bias. To such a person the important and ever-recurring avocations and duties of life become distasteful and repulsive, and existence has no pleasure, unless passed in the excitement and turmoil of sports and amusements. The evil consequences which result from allowing the love of mere amusement to gain such an undue and hurtful ascendancy in the mind, is too obvious to require any illustration; still we must ever beware of confounding the use of a thing with its abuse.

To those who take an interest in the advancement of the great body of the people in civilisation and refinement, it must be a

source of no small gratification to observe the great improvement which has taken place within the last few years, with respect to the amusements and pastimes of the people. There was a time, and that not very remote, when the majority of the people had very gross ideas with regard to what constituted amusement and recreation; the great majority of the people seemed to think that dissipation and debauchery were almost synonymous terms for amusement and recreation. Cock-fighting (especially in the northern counties of England) was a favourite amusement; and individuals of rank and fortune, and those constituting what is generally termed the respectable middle classes of society, patronised and encouraged this cruel pastime. Dog-fighting and bear-baiting were also popular pastimes, which drew together huge assemblages of seemingly gratified spectators. Prize-fights were also of weekly occurrence; full reports of the whole proceedings, and a minute detail of the barbarous and brutal combats, were given in newspapers that were regarded as respectable, and which were read, if not with pleasure, at least without exciting any emotions of disgust, by large classes of individuals belonging to what is generally termed the respectable classes of society. No one can mingle much in the world without perceiving that a considerable change has taken place in these matters—that the public taste, with respect to popular amusements, has considerably improved. In consequence of the diffusion of knowledge, and the salutary influence of Temperance Societies, not only what in general phraseology is termed the "working classes," but the people at large, &c., are beginning to see the mental, and moral, and physical evils resulting from intemperance, and do not, as formerly, regard drunkenness as a part, much less as the principal ingredient in creating the happiness of their hours of recreation and amusement. The principles of humanity in their bearings on popular amusements are now beginning to be practically recognised. Men now see and acknowledge in some measure the cruelty and sinfulness of deriving their amusements from witnessing the combats of birds and beasts, and a very general feeling of disapprobation against pugilistic combats seems to prevail in all classes of respectable society. The improvement which has taken place in the public taste with regard to amusements, is evident from the altered tone and temper of the press. The columns of our newspapers are much less occupied than they formerly were with reports of cruel and brutalising amusements; and when any notice is given of such occurrences, it is in general only for the purpose of reprobating and condemning them. The whole of the really respectable portion of the press has for many years past taken every opportunity to express its decided disapprobation of all amusements of a cruel or immoral tendency. In a matter of such importance, it is pleasant to see such a healthful spirit animating one portion of the periodical press of our country; the only alloy to such a pleasure is the reflection that there is a certain portion of the press animated by a far different spirit.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH'S LITERARY PENSIONS.

In the earlier and more prosperous (or what was called more glorious) portion of the reign of Louis XIV., a considerable number of pensions—most of them unsolicited, and many of them unexpected by the recipients—were bestowed on the most distinguished men of science and letters; not those of France only, but of several other countries of Europe. This unexampled liberality of the "Grand Monarque" was, of course, loudly celebrated by those best able to blow the trumpet of Fame. M. Dulaure relates, in his *Historical Memoirs of the times*, a curious circumstance concerning those pensions. The earlier years' payments were most handsomely made; the messenger was a special one, being not seldom one of the gentleman ushers of the court, who courte-

ously handed to the party himself his allowance, always in gold, and put up in a gorgeous velvet silk-tasselled bag. The next succeeding years saw a small change; inasmuch as, though the money was in most cases paid, and even *sent*, still it was done with none of the foregoing parade. As times got worse, and money grew scarcer, or wants greater, at court, the pensions ceased to be sent, and they were hard to be obtained from the royal treasurer, even for the asking. At last (woe of woes for the poorer *savans*!) they were never paid at all; excepting, indeed, in the rare case of those who, like Racine and a few more, held places, real or nominal, in the king's household. Few, however, of the literati of Europe knew this (thanks to the delicacy of the sufferers), and Louis maintained a fair measure of credit in the republic of letters to the very last. As a proof of it, the inquirer need only refer to "Swift's Proposal for the Advancement of Learning in England," drawn up in 1713, and addressed to the lord treasurer, Harley Earl of Oxford, (it is printed in all editions of the dean's collected works,) where he highly lauds the royal impostor.

THE BRAVE BRITISH TAR.

A TALE.

"There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

To be sure there is, and it's the best and sweetest hope of a tar, that, in every hour of danger and of difficulty, "the same gracious Providence watches for all." But there, I arn't a going to give you a long rigmarole for a prologue. No, no; I'll just tell you the story as I've heard it fifty times with my own ears on board the ould "Marmaid," commanded by Captain Malcolm; for, d'y'e see, Jem Gantline knew all about it, and many a mid-watch he's kept us awake by telling it.

It was one beautiful morning, says Jem, and the sun was just taking his look-out aloft, that Ned Davenport quitted his native village, to become a lonely wanderer upon the wide world, determined to stifle recollection among the busy scenes of life, or amidst the tumult and wild roar of warfare. Yet, on passing through the churchyard, he stopped to shed one last tribute on the grave of his parents. He looked on the surrounding lands and spacious farm which had once been their property, and thought of the time when, overwhelmed with accumulated distress, they had descended to their long home in anguish and poverty. He turned from this to catch a distant view of the stately mansion which contained all that was dear and precious to him in existence: and a sweet girl she was too, (Jem would say,) for I remembers her, messmates, like a lovely flower blooming on the breast of Spring. But when poor Ned was left destitute, all intercourse was forbidden between them, and the hearts that had throbbed together from infancy were cruelly torn from each other;—but I lie, messmates, I lie; nothing can separate the hearts that truly love. Howsom-ever, they parted without a hope of meeting again on the shores of time. Oh, who can paint the sorrows of his soul as he lay prostrate on the grassy mound, and poured forth the anguish of his spirit? I cannot do it justice, messmates, for my scuppers overflow whenever I think of it. That name, that endearing name, he had first learned to lisp in early infancy, "My Mother!" burst from his lips, and then he prayed to Heaven for mercy.

Mercy was near; a kindly voice, mild as the gentle breeze on the shores of the Mediterranean, instilled the balm of consolation on his wounded mind, and directed him to look up to that wise unerring Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry. 'Twas the curate of the village, who had been passing the night by the humble pallet of a dying cottager, administering the last offices of humanity, and encouraging the departing spirit ere it took its flight to the realms of everlasting rest. He was returning to his

little home when he heard the petition for mercy, and, as the servant of that Power to whom it was addressed, he soothed the sufferer's anguish, calmed the inward tempest of his mind; and they parted—the curate to his modest mansion, and Ned—ay, Ned—to brave the dangers, to feel the contumely, of that world to which he was a stranger.

The father of Anna had risen from comparative obscurity to wealth and honours; he was what they call a privy councillor. I don't know what it means, but they told me it was something near the king; so he had no time to devote to his daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth; and the sweet girl grew like a mountain rosebud, luxuriantly wild, till poor Ned's parents, feeling for her situation, loved and cherished her as their own; and thus was formed that deep, strong, deathless passion which distance could not shake, nor time dissolve. I knows what love is, messmates, for in my younger days I—but there it is over now, it's over; yet I love to think about it, too. She heard of Edward's departure, and struggled with her agony; but the generous man who had softened the sorrows of the youth performed the same kind office for the sinking maid. Her principal gratification was to wander to the lone churchyard, and sitting on the cold gravestone near the resting-place of her early friends, she would recall the visions of her childhood, and commune with her own sad heart. Now, messmates, you shall hear in what manner she kept her vows of truth and constancy: but, poor thing, she couldn't help it!

It was one still, calm evening that a gallant little twenty-gun ship lay under easy sail in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to protect the commerce of our country from the attacks of the enemy. Five years had already passed on that enchanted station, (many of you know it, messmates, no doubt,) and our cruise (for I was in her) had been particularly fortunate in making captures and reprisals. The week after, we were to return into port for stores and provisions. Well, d'y'e see, the hands were turned up to sky-lark, and every soul hurried upon deck to enjoy the sport. The captain and officers assembled abaft, and shared among themselves in the amusement; but in all their athletic exercises no one could be found, fore and aft, to equal the junior lieutenant. This young man had risen slowly by merit to the quarter-deck, and his bravery in several actions had recommended him so powerfully to his commander (whose life he had once preserved at the imminent risk of his own), that he adopted him as his son, and obtained him a commission in his own name; for Captain Malcolm himself had come in at the hawse-holes, and had no relations that he knew of in the world. Young Malcolm was beloved—ay, almost idolised—by every hand aboard. He was the smart seaman, the brave officer, and, without departing from the strict line of duty, he conciliated the esteem and regard of all the men. His face, bronzed by a tropical sun, was seamed with honourable scars, that made him appear much older than he really was; his figure was remarkably neat and trim, firm-built, and powerful, and he tried to copy his benefactor in every pursuit.

A match against time had just been made from the deck to the mast-head and down again, and the lieutenant was laying his hand upon the truck, when, casting his eyes round the horizon, he shouted, "A sail, a sail upon the lee-beam!"

All was instantly hushed. "Turn the hands up, make sail!" cried the captain; "keep her away, boy! square the after-yards! Stations, men, stations! Mast-head there?"

"Sir!"

"Look out when she's right ahead."

"Ay, ay, sir! Starboard a little—there, steady, so, steady!"

In a few minutes every stitch of canvas that would draw a breath of wind was spread and trimmed. We had just light sufficient to

make out that the stranger was a large ship, when darkness obscured all further observation.

The breeze freshened, and the officers crowded on the fore-castle to look out for the chase. Eight bells came, and we began to fear that we had missed the stranger. The captain was just giving directions to alter the course, when a marine sung out, "I've got her, sir, I've got her!"

"Got who?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Got her, sir, got the ship," replied the sodger.

"Where, where?" said the captain, running aft.

"Here, sir, here in the starboard waist."

"That's right, my lad, hold her fast," exclaimed a midshipman, while the sail was shortened, and the ship hauled to the wind.

We were sufficiently close to discover that the stranger was a heavy frigate, and as our night-signals were unanswered, concluded she was an enemy. "Give him a shot," cried the captain: it was instantly returned by a whole broadside, that laid several of our best men lifeless on the deck, and the action commenced with daring bravery.

Well, d'ye see, we kept at it for about two hours, when the frigate's fire began to slacken, and shortly after ceased. "Sail-trimmers, to the weather-braces," cried the captain; "boarders on the starboard quarter, stand by to heave all aback; and, Malcolm, be ready to lead the men." All this was obeyed; but, just as we got with our yards touching, the enemy poured in a tremendous fire, and Captain Malcolm, with his second lieutenant, fell. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of horror which this event occasioned. The young officer ran, and raised his generous friend. He was yet living, though the tide was ebbing fast; but his poor messmate was a corpse. "Leave me, Malcolm; leave me, my brave lad," faintly articulated the captain; and pointing to the colours, added, "'Tis the flag of England—do your duty. Take her, and I die content."

At this moment one of the midshipmen came to young Malcolm, and told him the first lieutenant talked of striking. Rage and indignation shook his frame. The captain had been carried below senseless, and the command devolved upon the senior officer—that officer who was about to disgrace himself for ever. The first lieutenant was giving directions to haul down the colours and the light, when Malcolm rushed aft. Here he found the boatswain standing by the ensign halliards, with his pistol cocked, swearing he would shoot the first man that offered to touch them. The commanding officer drew his sword, and was in the act of making a thrust, when a shot very unceremoniously walked off with his head; and the sole charge now rested upon Malcolm, who fought the ship with heroic intrepidity, determined not to surrender till every hope was lost.

The carpenter appeared, and reported that we were making so much water, that she could not hold out another half-hour. This was appalling news, yet, rousing all the energies of his mind, he called to the master to lay him aboard the frigate. In a few minutes the young officer, followed by his brave crew, were upon the enemy's deck, and the conflict became terrible. In vain we swept away our foes, others instantly supplied their places; and though our numbers were fast diminishing, yet our hearts were unsubdued. Twenty minutes had elapsed in hard fighting, when the master, carpenter, and surgeon were seen on our own decks, carrying in their arms our beloved commander; the ship was sinking. This sight operated like enchantment on the men; a wild shout of desperation resounded, and in a few minutes more the frigate was our own.

Scarcely had Malcolm received the Dutch captain's sword (for she was a Dutch frigate, laden with specie for the Cape); scarcely

had the three officers, with their dying burden, been assisted on board, than our gallant little bark went down. In a few hours afterwards our brave captain breathed his last, and we bore up for England, where we anchored in Plymouth Sound, in about eight days' time.

The young hero landed, and was ordered by the commander-in-chief to carry his own despatches to the metropolis; at the same time receiving letters of introduction to a nobleman in a high official station. On his arrival, he drove immediately to the house, and it happened that a large party of the nobility were assembled to a sheave-o, as they call it. Now, I can tell you all this, messmates, for a fact, because, d'ye see, I was with him to take care of the colours and baggage, having sailed with him when he was a youngster, and first taught him his duty as a seaman; but no matter for that. His lordship left the company, and entered the room where Malcolm was waiting to receive him; but when their eyes met, the young officer staggered back upon a chair, and turned as pale as ashes. Recovering, however, he apologised for his behaviour, and attributed it to the effects of his unhealed wounds. The Dutch captain's sword and the frigate's colours were displayed; and while the lieutenant took some refreshment, Lord N. returned to the drawing-room, and related the particulars. All were desirous of seeing the intrepid young tar immediately, but his lordship promised to introduce him the following day, as he had no doubt that Malcolm required rest.

Among the party were several members of the cabinet, (that's a strong box, I believe, messmates, and every one of the gemmen belonging to it carries a gold key in his pocket, but I arn't sure): howsoever, next morning some of 'em got telling our good old king about it, and he expressed a wish to see the officer. Malcolm, of course, was introduced, and appeared before his Majesty with his right arm bound round with a black bandage, his left suspended in a sling, while his curly hair, hanging over his forehead, scarcely concealed the covering of a deep wound. "Make, make, make him a captain," said old George; "shall be a captain," said old George; "shall be a captain—he deserves it—good officer—brave officer; shall be a captain." And Malcolm obtained a commission for post rank.

On the same evening he dined with his lordship; but on entering the room his embarrassment and agitation were excessive, as the ladies crowded round, and were almost ready to embrace him. Lord N. led him first to his daughter, and Anna (for 'twas she, messmates, 'twas she,) received him with all the natural warmth and goodness of her heart. I saw it all, for they would drag me up too. I never was so daunted in my life; for all the beautiful creatures said such kind things, I was ready to pipe my eye. I dare say I looked foolish enough, for I scratched my head, shucked up my trousers, and twirled my hat, till at last I dashed my quid into the fire, and offered to kiss 'em. My eyes, how they run! all but one sweet little cherub, who put her arms round my neck, and then—there, don't laugh, messmates, 'twas the sweetest buss I ever had in my life,—and says she, "If the brave defenders of our country do not merit our gratitude, who does?"

To see Anna, and not love her, was impossible: and what's a sailor without a sweetheart, eh? Why, he is like a ship without stays, and so Malcolm fell in love. When we were alone, he used to talk all manner of things, but I couldn't understand him. Anna's affections, however, were still fixed on him whom she feared was lost to her for ever. 'Tis true she felt pleased in the captain's company, for he was so widely different from the airy flutterers that continually buzzed in her ear; but love—oh, no! she had sworn never to love but one.

On the following week after our arrival, his lordship proposed

returning to his country-seat, and we were invited to accompany him; but Malcolm candidly told him the state of his heart, and his lordship, with equal candour, related the story of her early attachment and continued fidelity, declaring, "that though the captain was unexceptionable, yet he had promised never again to importune his daughter." A circumstance occurred which detained Lord N. another week in town, during which time the captain passed every spare moment with his beloved Anna, till she became alarmed at his attentions, and yet an indescribable emotion prevented her from checking them. His conduct was so delicate, his manners were so engaging, and he appeared to anticipate her wishes with such winning kindness, blended with a marked respect, as excited a deeper interest in her heart than she liked to confess even to herself.

Well, d'y'e see, at last we commenced our journey early one morning, and the next afternoon arrived at the family-seat. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, his lordship withdrew to arrange some affairs with his steward. The captain took a stroll in the park, while Anna hastened to her old friend the curate, who had been prevented by the gout from attending their arrival. After passing some time with that excellent man, she promised to return on the morrow with the captain, and took her leave. One other duty yet remained—the visit to the lone churchyard. The shades of evening began to fall heavier and heavier on the landscape; but Anna was superior to fear. Advancing with a light step towards the hallowed spot, what was her surprise and agony to see a man kneeling by the grave in the attitude of prayer! She bounded forward, "It is he—it is he! Edward—my Edward!" and she sunk senseless in the arms of Captain Malcolm, who sprang from the grassy tomb, and caught her to his heart. Yes, it was Edward, her own Edward, that held her to his breast, changed in all but that affection which could never change. He called her his Anna, moistened her lips with kisses, and, as she slowly recovered, heard her sweet voice acknowledge him. The poor lad, who had once implored the mercy of Heaven on that very spot, when cast abandoned like a weed upon the ocean, was now—yet why need I repeat it? Ned Davenport and Captain Malcolm were one. Together they retraced their steps to the curate's cottage, where they poured forth the fulness of their hearts in gratitude and praise. Lord N. heard their tale, joined their hands, and blessed them.

There, messmates, it's a tough yarn, but 'tis all true, you may depend on't; and some other time I'll tell you all about the wedding, when I get groggy for joy: but it's my next look-out, so I'll just shut my eyes for five minutes, to keep 'em warm.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

RUSSIAN DISHONESTY.

At this place (Odessa), the eighth commandment appears to be deprived of the negative particle. This is an assertion of so grave a nature, that I would not have ventured to make it had I not had abundant ocular proof of its correctness, amply confirmed, moreover, by the testimony of everybody, rich and poor, natives and foreigners, at Odessa. The propensity amounts to a national disease. It is easily explained. The (artificial) nobility of the country are poor and extravagant; they must make by their situations, or, in plain English, rob the public. Long habit has made their minds easy on the subject, and their inferiors have naturally taken the same tone from their masters. The robbery at Odessa, while I was there, was not only very remarkable, but highly ludicrous, from the absolute want of respect for any persons or things. As is always the case, where a whole community is exposed to the same evil, the theft of the night was the joke of the next morning. Nothing was safe. Sacks of wheat were carried away from the magazines in carts; rouleaux of notes were stolen from counting-

houses; baskets of linen were abstracted from bed-rooms; garden-palings were pulled down for firewood; larders were emptied of their contents; thermometers were removed from windows; and even children were stolen. If you dined in a strange house, you were not surprised to find your cloak missing from the hall. These were not isolated cases: they were of daily and nightly occurrence. The servants made no scruple of robbing their masters, and were not discharged; simply because, in all probability, others of the same description would have replaced them. In one of the wealthiest establishments at Odessa, where I dined once or twice, the lady of the house, when the company went to the dining-room, used to lock the saloon, in order that nothing might be purloined while they were at dinner. What appears extraordinary is, that no sense of shame is excited, even in respectable persons, by a suspicion of doing that which in another country could not enter the imagination. Madame —, at Odessa, one day received a morning visit from Prince —. After his highness had taken leave, she missed a jewelled watch from the table. She suspected her visitor of having taken it away; and on his coming again, in a day or two, taxed him with the (in our estimation) felony. The prince was surprised at the charge, but in no way scandalised. He protested his innocence. The intercourse continued as before, although the lady continued of her first opinion till the watch was found three months afterwards on a labourer, who confessed having stolen it. Two things strike an Englishman as remarkable in this transaction: first that a lady could suspect a gentleman of stealing, and tell him so; secondly that a gentleman could have such a suspicion entertained of him and feel comfortable. It is a proof, among many others, of the depth of demoralisation in some portions of Russia.—*Slade's Travels.*

THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE principle of curiosity appears in children at a very early period, and is commonly proportioned to the degree of intellectual capacity they possess. The direction, too, which it takes is regulated by nature according to the order of our wants and necessities; being confined, in the first instance, exclusively to those properties of material objects, and those laws of the material world, an acquaintance with which is essential to the preservation of our animal existence. Hence the instinctive eagerness with which children handle and examine everything which is presented to them; an employment which we are commonly apt to consider as a mere exercise of their animal powers, but which, if we reflect on the limited province of sight prior to experience, and on the early period of life at which we are able to judge by the eye of the distances and of the tangible qualities of bodies, will appear plainly to be the most useful occupation in which they could be engaged, if it were in the power of a philosopher to have the regulation of their attention from the hour of their birth.

In more advanced years, curiosity displays itself in one way or another in every individual, and gives rise to an infinite diversity in their pursuits; engrossing the attention of one man about physical causes—of another, about mathematical truths—of a third, about historical facts—of a fourth, about the objects of natural history—of a fifth, about the transactions of private families, or about the politics and news of the day. Whether this diversity be owing to natural predisposition, or to early education, it is of little consequence to determine; as, upon either supposition, a preparation is made for it in the original constitution of the mind, combined with the circumstances of our external situation. Its final cause is also sufficiently obvious, as it is this which gives rise, in the case of individuals, to a limitation of attention and study, and lays the foundation of all the advantages which society derives from the division and subdivision of intellectual labour. These advantages are so great, that some philosophers have attempted to

resolve the desire of knowledge into self-love. But to this theory the same objection may be stated which was already made to the attempts of some philosophers to account, in a similar way, for the origin of our appetites; that all of these are active principles, manifestly directed by nature to particular specific objects, as their ultimate ends; that, as the object of hunger is not happiness but food, so the object of curiosity is not happiness but knowledge. We can, indeed, conceive a being prompted merely by the cool desire of happiness to accumulate information; but in a creature like man, endowed with a variety of other active principles, the stock of his knowledge would have probably been but scanty, unless self-love had been aided in this particular by the principle of curiosity. Although, however, the desire of knowledge is not resolvable into self-love, it is not in itself an object of moral approbation. A person may, indeed, employ his intellectual powers with a view to his own moral improvement, or to the happiness of society; and so far he acts from a laudable principle. But to prosecute study merely from the desire of knowledge is neither virtuous nor vicious. When not suffered to interfere with our duties, it is morally innocent. The virtue or vice does not lie in the desire, but in the proper or improper regulation of it. The ancient astronomer, who, when accused of indifference with respect to public transactions, answered, that his country was in the heavens, acted criminally; inasmuch as he suffered his desire of knowledge to interfere with the duties which he owed to mankind. At the same time it must be admitted, that the desire of knowledge (and the same observation is applicable to our desires) is of a more dignified nature than those appetites which are common to us with the brutes. A thirst for science has been always considered as a mark of a liberal and elevated mind; and it generally co-operates with the moral faculty in forming us to those habits of self-government which enable us to keep our animal appetites in due subjection.

There is another circumstance which renders this desire peculiarly estimable, that it is always accompanied with a strong desire to communicate our knowledge to others; inasmuch that it has been doubted if the principle of curiosity would be sufficiently powerful to animate the intellectual exertions of any man in a long course of persevering study, if he had no prospect of being ever able to impart his acquisitions to his friends or to the public.—*Stewart's Active and Moral Powers.*

THE ENGLISH FARMER

Is a man whose character is not so well appreciated as it should be. He belongs to one of the most independent classes of the community, whether professional or trading: indeed, he is often so independent, as, in carelessness for the favours of others, to rank next to the man who, *par éminence*, is called "the man of independence." The more wealthy of the class always keep a well-supplied table, heavily laden with "the good roast beef of old England" and fine strong *October*. The English farmer is generally very hospitable; and he may often be found not only in his fields with his men, but working with them. Presently, however, you may see him mounted on a beautiful horse, and dressed "like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." We have seen him riding horses valued at a hundred guineas; he generally keeps his gig, and often his hunters. He almost uniformly enjoys the most robust health, and a farm may be often found to contain three or four generations in one family.

In the present day, English farmers seldom attend the markets, as they formerly did, for they have not often occasion to do so, as

corn-dealers, cattle-jobbers, &c., go from farm to farm, and purchase of them at their houses. If you see them at market, you will not find them offering their corn; but, if asked whether they have any to sell, they take from their pockets a sample tied up in the corner of a good silk handkerchief. A small yellow canvas bag was formerly the receptacle for it. You will not find them *pushing* their goods: they merely show them, and but seldom alter their prices; and, were a nobleman to purchase of them to the value of 500*l.*, when he paid them they would not thank him. The writer himself has laid out many thousand pounds with them, and never knew one to acknowledge that he received the slightest favour in being dealt with. Indeed, they do not consider it a favour for any one to purchase of them, for they think that if "one won't buy, another will!" They give their children a tolerable education, especially their daughters, and "Miss" generally has her piano-forte in the parlour. There, however, you will seldom see the English farmer; his kitchen suits him best. And this room you will find well-furnished, with a good "prank" groaning with well-cured bacon, hams, &c.; and two or three fowling-pieces are also usually suspended against the beam. He often keeps his dog and gun, as he is very generally fond of shooting. His large old-fashioned oak tables and ash chairs are kept beautifully polished by rubbing. An immensely wide fire-place, where wood is generally burnt on the floor (as few have grates), occupies nearly one side of the kitchen; and here you may often see large blocks of wood, as much as three or four men can carry, burning on the hearth-stone, and it is sometimes days before such blocks are consumed. At each end of the fire-place are two *siouce* corners, as they call them, which afford sitting for at least four persons. The apartment is kept very clean, although you may frequently see a house-dog, a spaniel, and a greyhound, lying before the fire. On one side of the hearth stands the beehive-chair, on the other, the settle. The servants sit in a back-kitchen, where also the cooking is done.

Such is the English farmer: he has but one person to please, that is, his landlord. We do not say that *all* farmers are described in the above sketch, as there are a great number of small farmers: but, in a great measure, they also come up to the above standard. It must, however, be admitted that the present description refers more particularly to the large hill-born farmers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

In glancing over those indications of the state of the age, the advertisements of newspapers, one would think that the millennium was rapidly approaching. One feels all the springs of one's philanthropy unloosed while we read. Nothing can exceed the instances of pure disinterestedness which they exhibit. The offers of money-lenders are splendid testimonies of the generosity of our countrymen, among whom Jews and Christians rival each other in benevolence. Assistance of every kind is offered to those in want. What a praiseworthy hospitality is manifested by the individuals who provide board and lodging for all who need accommodation! Remark, too, the active benevolence of the medical philosophers.

This disregard for self even extends to the retail tradesman, who, out of gratitude for public patronage, generously offers his goods at 50 per cent. under prime cost. This pure and virtuous melioration extends downwards through all the relations of life: all confidential agents are trustworthy, and all nursery-maids sweet-tempered. Indeed, there is little or no vice left either in man or horse. Then look to the testimony given of the march of mind. What *bonhomie* in the matrimonial advertisements! What scientific allurements in the promises of dancing-masters! What discretion is taught by the insurance-offices! What spirit and enterprises are stimulated by partnership puffs! It is also a most pleasing circumstance to find that the enjoyments of the world increase with its amicable dispositions. Every book announced for publication is a literary treasure. Every exhibition unites the

instructive with the amusing; and every cottage to be let is an Eden. Nothing is left unattended to. Even when the enjoyment of an advantage is likely to be attended with that dash of the disagreeable, annexed as a condition to human delights, how admirably and quickly are the correctives applied! If the gourmand purchase a portion of bilious fever along with "old port at 40s. per dozen," and if the "curious in fish-sauce" are seduced into apoplexy by the patentee, the newspaper, like the viper, carries with it a remedy for the poison; for the "eau médicinale" appears in juxtaposition with "fresh turtles every day;" and "Barclay's antibilious pills" serve as a proper accompaniment to the "newly-invented sauce épicurienne." Every line of the advertising part of a paper teems with matter of congratulation. In one column you find a "pomade divine to make the hair grow," and in the next a "Circassian lotion" to check its exuberance, should the unlucky experimentalist produce too rich a growth in a wrong place. On one hand the "fairy genius" of advertisements offers you "a wash to preserve the gums," and on the other "indestructible teeth" to fit into them. What a magical gift do those Circes of fashion, the stay-makers, possess, when they inform the exquisites of both sexes that "stays may be made to remedy any deformity!" What a happiness to learn that when the "incomparable Macassar Oil" has lost its efficacy, wigs may be "made to put Nature to the blush," and "whiskers" manufactured with skill sufficient to have deceived the lynx eye of Frederick of Prussia; that glass eyes are fabricated so very cleverly, that they do everything—but see; and that cork legs may be had, which do everything—but feel. Oh happy, thrice happy age, if thou didst but know thy happiness!

I HAE NOBODY NOW.

I HAE nobody now—I hae nobody now,
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lissome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae nobody now—I hae nobody now,
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye,
Where are they now? where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naeboddy kens—there's naeboddy kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O, diana break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

Hogg.

TALENTS.

Talents give a man a superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employments, which are all external. Talents constitute over every essence.—*Rollin*,

PRUSSIC ACID.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OF DEATH.

FEVERISH and fierce, the hurrying crowd
Can see no beauty in the tomb;
The eyeless skeleton, the shroud,
Appal them into hopeless gloom:—

These are the wrecks of Life—not Death,
Before whose loveliness benign
Each earthly sorrow vanisheth
From all who cross her calming line:

Weak man with her identifies
A scythed monster, he miscalls;
Still this is Life, who, as he flies,
Turns back, to mock the wretch who falls.

We know her in another guise,
Of deepening thought and quiet love,
Serenely fair, divinely wise,
And changeless as the heavens above.

We know her as the faithful spouse,
Of sleep from toil and evil free,
And around her pale and placid brows
Wreathed blossoms of the Almond-tree.

She loves the flower, she loves the fruit,
Because within them hidden flows
An essence, rapid to transmute
Man to the dim caves of repose,

Loud-throated War is swift to kill,
When cannons roar across the sea;
We honour *him*—but swifter still
The noiseless work of the Almond-tree:

The Lord of pain, the Lord of grief,
Of fell despair, in it we see;
Proud Life is vassal to each leaf
That flutters from the Almond-tree.

Pale Genius, too forlorn to live,
When rest and hope like sunlight flee,
Finds what the laurel will not give
Upon its kindred Almond-tree.

And wounded Love, whose heart's blood flows
Like water searching out the sea,
May change its dead and scorned rose
For chaplets from the Almond-tree.

Then rightly does our lady wear
This symbol of her sovereignty;
And we, in faith of spirit, share
That reverence for the Almond-tree.

From "Miscellaneous Verses," by SIR F. H. DOYLE, BART.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

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